When a Girl Marries

By Anne Lisle. (Whose Newspaper Serials Arc Unique In Popular Appeal and Cleverness of Construction.)

66T TELLO-that you, Anne?" Jim's voice was irritable deuce of a hurry. Cosby just "Hello-that you, Ame?" Jim's voice was irritable and weary, "I'm in the deuce of a hurry. Cosby just phoned from the station, from where he's dashing up-State, that his wife telegraphed she'd arrive tomorrow afternoon. He wants to give her a little welcome home dance at Carlier's-fancy dressswell. Get 'em to turn the place loose for Saturday night. Expense no object. Cosby's given me a list of the people he wants her to meet, so I'll bring home the invitations tonight and we'll fill in the names. Now, forget to be a miser and do this right. For once in your life help me in business-Cosby means money to me. See you at 7.

S'long." Instinctively, the moment Jim rang off I hurried to the big packing trunk, lifted out the blue robe and let its shimmering length fall across my throat and arms to the floor. I had meant to leave the robe behind us, but Jim had brought it along. Why shouldn't I wear it to Va-

Ierie Cosby's dance?

CHAPTER CLXXXVII. "How gorgeous!" cried a voice that seeped through the empty apartment like honey and gardenias. "How perfectly gorgeous, May I just touch it once?"

I looked up and beheld standing in the open hallway door a girl who might have been sixteen as the thick cream of her smooth skin and the cool softness of her pouting mouth were concerned. But she had amber eyes beneath plucked brows penciled into the wide sweep of swallow's wings. Lucquer-black hair undulated back from a low forehead and scooped out into two panniers over pink ear lobes from which long jet pendants dangled against a vividly white throat. There were pinkish, peares nest-

ling against that throat, and black chiffens swirled away to join the satin of a tight-skirted, transparent walsted little gown. The fragance of sandalwood and geranium floated in waves from this strange young creature. She was young, yet seemed as old as woman's love of jewels and ornament and beauty-as old as the world. "I'm so sleepy I've gone and

dreamed her right out of seeing this robe and al Ithat Egyptian and Indian stuff at the studio," I told And then the voice that was as slow and sweet as honey and as

smooth and creamy as a gardenia spoke again: "You're Mrs. Jim Harrison, aren't you?" she asked, and at my nod went on: "I'm Mrs. Cosby."

Mrs. Cosby!" I gasped. "Welcome! But you weren't expected "I never do what's expected of me." she explained with her slow sweetness, smiling engagingly across two rows of very small, short white teeth.

"How did you find me?" I asked. so puzzled that I douldn't help being categoric. Great Enthusians. Nothing seemed too much for the

slow, sweet calmness of the other woman. Perhaps I was almost rude. but either she was very patient or that creamy skin of hers was thick and she didn't know it.

"I decided to come today. I always do whatever I decide," she explained simply. "And when I got to the station I phoned Lane's office and they told me he'd gone up-State. But I know you had an apartment in the building, so I came here knowing, of course, that you and your husband would look out for me. My maid's upstairs un-

W N the days before the civil war

well known in Washington and

some of the Southern States. Some

time in his life his throat had been

cut. Whether by his own hand or

that of an assailant during one of

his frequent fights was not known.

The wound had healed, leaving an

orifice in the windpipe so small that

However, when Myers hecame ex-

cited from any cause the air rush-

ing through this wound whistled

loud enough to be distinctly heard.

By this mark of identification he

was known to the police so well

that he was bound to be arrested if

ever caught in a tight scrape, for

that wheezing sound always be-

while, and the police came to re-

gard him as a burglar with a past

lived on Pennsylvania avenue not

far from the old central guard-

house. He was Dr. James Hall. It

was the nightly custom of Dr. Hall

to sit up late in his study and read

Was Alone Reading.

One night early in the '40's Dr.

Hall was sitting up in his room

alone reading. He heard a sound

of looting in the cellar. He listened

for a time for a repetition, but

t did not come for several minutes.

candle, and made his way to the

first floor. He cautiously groped

about the stairway of the basement

and discovered a man snooping

about the premises with a lighted

the thinf, and his candle was knock-

ed from his grasp. The two men

grappied with each other, each

grabbing the other by the throat.

in a few seconds Dr. Hall was

winded, and he noticed a peculiar

sound as he struggled for a good

held on his antagonist's throat

The fight went on for about ten

minutes, and by that time the fam-

ily had been aroused, and were

making their way to the scene.

Seeing that he was outnumbered,

the burglar ceased his efforts to

down Dr. Hall and sought a way of

The physician was discovered by

candle on the end of a stick.

was then that he procured a

A well-known doctor of that day

He went straight for a short

trayed him,

medical books.

... without a future.

it would not ordinarily be noticed.

the noted gangs of burglars

included one Myers, who was

packing. Lane took our place furnished, you know." "I didn't know," I said, wondering if this were a pretty spoiled child, or a sophisticated, selfish

"Well, now you know that I'm a perfectly trustworthy person, do let me have that gorgeous brocade in my own hands. Oh, it's so lovely! What is it? A negligee? Do you wear It often?"

"I've never worn it," I said, giv-ing it over to the hands held out to clutch it

As ahe took the robe my eyes focussed up her hands. They were dead white and they moved mlowly and lingeringly, Not all Valerie Cosby's, beauty could ever make me forget her hands-that I knew at once, I hope I'd never have to touch them. And yet I knew that their whiteness and the pinkness of the shining nails that tipped the long, full, slightly curved fingers might appeal to some per-

Suddenly, without a word of explanation or apology, Valerie Cosby slipped nonchalantly out of her satins and chiffons, stood revealed for a moment in a flimsy undergarment of blue chiffon and lace and rosebuds, and then slid into the clinging sheath of the blue and green robe. Stretched stark against her body, the peacock's eye pattern revealed itself again mistily.

. In the Mirror. "Where's a mirror? I must see!" she laughed. "Oh, yes; the bed room, of course." Without a by-your-leave, she

glided across my living room and disappeared beyond the doorway-The blue robe making her look like a magnificent reincarnation of some queen of old Egypt. Idly across my mind fluttered the recollection that Tom Mason had said I would look like a lady of Florence.

Then Mrs. Cosby came back, her eyes a-glitter, her fruity lips pouting more than ever. She lifted her arms slowly and began unfastening

Half-thoughts wrote themselves on my mind and erased themselves so others might take their place. The dinner-dance Saturday nightthis was just the costume. I had expected to leave it behind in the old apartment-Jim had brought it. Mrs. Cosby adored it-Jim had told me to be decent for once in my life about the ball-Cosby meant money to him. I'd always wanted to get rid of the robe—Mrs. Cosbyadored Then, the memory of Jim's efforts to force friendship on me. And distante. At last pained and hurt at Jim for bringing the robe spite of all he knew. Mrs. Crosby was back in her chif-fons now, and handing the lustrous

mass of blue and green to me again, "I wish you'd keep it," I said suddenly. "As a sort of welcome--city wift. It's so-justrigh for you. I WISH you'd keep it." "Oh-I couldn't," she began indelently. But her amber eyes danced, and she sald suddenly, "You dear! I really believe you want me to have it. " " " I'm going to like you. Do you really want me to have this beautiful

thing?" "I want you to have it." "What fun!" cried Valerie Cosby. People are always giving me things. I don't know why. Have you heaps of pretty things that you part with this so graciously?" "It's-just something-I have no use for-no possible use," I replied

stumblingly. "And it's so lovely Then she studied me with sudden keenness, like steel under velvet. I thought of the fancy dress dance again. * * * Now she would wear it.

To Be Continued.

way through the windows by which

he had entered, and a thorough

The police were afforded with an

meagre description of the thief,

but the shrill whistle which had

attracted the doctor's attention dur-

ing the scramble convinced them

that Myers was the thief, and they

set out to catch him. A lookout

was sent over the country for him.

In the course of events he was

arrested and summoned to court on

charges of assault and housebreak-

search for him proved futile.

Twice-Told Tales of

Washington

The Thief With the Whistling Wound

The Newest Hats and Furs Wear an Air of Smartness



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of Problems In Life and Love for Times Readers

Readers of this column are invited to seek the advice and counsel of Beatrice Fairfaz in matters affecting their relations with other people. Names of writers are never published without permission of the

T SEEM to have drawn down upon my poor, unoffending head a veritable tempest of indignation by my answer recently to the ex-soldier, who returned from overseas only to find his sweetheart had become more interested in a "silvertripe" man, who hadn't been able to get any further toward the war than the "battle of Seventh and B street northwest." When I told Ex-Soldier that heav-

en alone knows why the young lady in question preferred a "silverstriper," I'm afraid I wasn't thinking so much about why she preferred a "silver-striper" as I was of the age-old question as to why a woman prefers one man to another. No one has ever been able to find out. You see women turn from a handsome man to one who would never be hanged for his beauty. You see women refuse steady, hard-working fellows for a ne'er do well or a light of love.

Just so one girl will prefer a soldier proudly wearing his battle scars while another will settle her affections on some chap who much to his own disgust and indignation was deprived of a chance to go overseas.

I'm afraid I thought "Ex-Soldier" expected me to know the unknowable and to explain the inexplicable so, perforce, answered him rather

I feel that in this great strug-

gle there was glory and honor

enough for all, and that the boy

who obeyed orders whether it was

on some humdrum task here in

Washington or on some more thrill-

ing work abroad deserve equal

No one knows better than an

army man that "orders is orders"

and as one of my correspondents

says those who went over went be-

cause they were sent, and those

who stayed stayed because they

Only yesterday I was talking

with a young man who had two

years' service overseas. He "had

the time of his life"-being the

only boy of his crowd who went

as a private. Three months of the

time, he complains bitterly, he

"watched shovels." Five months he

spent near Coblentz with the army

He "met a bunch of wonderful

fellows, and did his time in the

guard house with the rest." Two

years of adventure such as any

No wonder the young men who

had to stay at Seventh and B be-

come indignant when, in addition

perience, and the honor and glory

of coming back with a victorious

cause they didn't have a chance to

Chose the MAN and Not the Stripes.

I would like to take exception to the spirit that is manifested in a letter from an ex-solder regarding "silver

to being deprived of all that ex-

were so ordered.

of occupation.

red-blooded boy loves!

DEAR MISS FAIRPAX:

smoontly published.

Whistle Betrayed Him. Boys Were Cheated. Great difficulty was experienced Therefore, I'm going to give full in handling Myers, as he was vicspace to letters from indignant "sillently afraid of being "penned up" ver-stripers" who got the wrong impression. I agree with them that the boys who couldn't get over Testimony introduced at the hearhave a right to feel pretty well

chested.

ing showed that the wound in the windpipe of the man had whistled when the thief became excited in the fight of the cellar. Myers was found guilty of all charges by a jury and was convicted. A sentence of six years in

fail was imposed on him.

Robert Ball, a jail guard, was anpointed custodian to escort him to the jail. The jail was then at the foot of Four-and-a-half street southwest, and not far from the place of trial. Myers suddenly tugged at his keeper and tried to break away, using a quickly improvised sling shot made from a handkerchief and a brick, which he swung at the head of the sturdy guard. It was to no avail, however, and even more severe punishment was meted out to him. The death of Myers took place not long afterwards.

Unscathed.

Old Mr. Ballington, who was fond of relating war stories after dinner, mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's not so much," said little Georgie suddenly. Why, Georgie," cried his scandalized mother, "what do you mean?" "Five isn't many, "persisted Georgie; "sister Mary has been engaged nine times!"

Scientific Research.

Philip, who had received as a birthday present a beautiful new microscope, presently astounded cook with the exclamation: "Hey, cook, lend me a flea, will you? I'll give it m sam back in three minoncape. In due time he made his | tes?"

It surely is through no fault of our own that so many of us were chosen to remain on this side. I myself en-listed in the army in June, 1917, and felt certain that I would go across, but four "sliver stripes" was all I got. Furthermore, it will be some little time yet before I am discharged. He wonders why girls "fail for all-ver stripers." From the tone of his letter I take it for granted that his lady friend chose the MAN, not the lady friend chose the color of his service stripes. Sincerel 7th and B.

Stripe Should Not Count in a Love Affair.

MY DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: One letter in your column caught our eyes, it was from a man who signed himself an ex-soldier.

Now we, as well as thousands of others, spent part of our time in Washington although we have been from coast to coast and have been in several countries and spont several months on the Mexican border. Although we never had the oppor-

tunity to go to France to fight the Huns, as some of the other boys did, "We feel (we who had to spend part of our time in Washington, and fought in the battle of Seventh and B Northwest, not because we wanted to but because we had to, for orders are or-ders, and have to be obeyed no matter what they are) that WE acquired a SILVER STRIPE deserve as much consideration in a love affair as the Gold Striper, and as for the young lady, well, she's the one to be suited, so let the best man win. Our estimation is that she showed rajudgment. SILVER STRIPE MEN.

Does the Fact That a Man Was in France Make Him a Herof

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: As a regular and consistent reader of The Times, I have read the various articles appearing under your name with a great deal of pleasure and profit, and in very few cases have I ever had reason to differ with your replies and comments on the various ommunications treated by you.

I feel that I must, however, take exception to the letter appearing in The Times signed "Ex-Soldier," and to your reply thereto. Who and what is "Ex-Soldier," that he should set himself up as a critic of what he con-temptuously refers to as "the silver

We may be pardoned for assuming that "Ex-Soldier" went to France because he was ordered to do so. May we not also assume that "the gilver strines and a pair of brass bars' would likewise have gone to France had his superiors seen fit to send him there? I was in the service as an enlisted man, so please do not conclude that I am defending "a pair of brass bars" from any feeling of camaraderie. Your correspondent also states that he is in love with the young lady in question, but does not say whether the lady has ever given any indication that she entertained the same feeling for him. Whether it would be wise to let

"sliver stripes and brass bars" have her is open to question, but it is my opinion that the lady would be very wise to have nothing to do with an "Ex-Soldier" or anyone else who ex-To say that I was surprised and pained by your reply to "Ex-Soldler" would be putting it mildly. Does the mere fact that a man has been in Prance make him a hero? Are you not willing to admit that there were many thousands of both officers and enlisted men who would have given their all for an opportunity to get "over there," and who would, no doubt, have given as good an account themselves as we hope "Ex-Soldied. ANOTHER EX-SOLDIER.

Contrary.

"My husband thinks I'm extravagant, and gets wild every time he sees me with new clothes," "Does he?"

"Yes; he never sees me dressing up without giving me a dressing

Winter

By Loretto C. Lynch. An Acknowledged Enport on Cook-ing and on All Matters Pertaining to the Household.

Now that the cold season is approaching every good housewife should be looking over her home with an eye to needed repairs. Not to make needed repairs now is unwise.

Go ever your plumbing. Are your pipes properly protected against sudden drop in temperature? An old man who cleans up a numbers of cellars in the neighborhood tells me it is surprising to see how many homes have unprotected water pipes in their cellars.

How about that bathroom? Does the water run all the time for want of new washers? Another fault with bathrooms in the fact that the water supply is often rustcolored. A plumber can relieve this condition in a very short time. De the window shades work well? Perhaps they need new tassels.

How about your electric lamps? Have they deteriorated into mere ornaments or do they serve the purpose for which they were intended? A little repairing will restore that reading lamp that used to give such pleasure, and if you have gas or oil lamps see that they have the right to occupy space in the home. Does the electric or gas iron really work?

Recently I offered to bake some bread for a woman I was visiting as I gazed upon her large, wellpolished coal range. She laughed as she remarked: "Why, honey, that range don't work, couldn't bake even a potato in it in a year." Have you such a range? Or do

you harbor a gas range with an "intermittent" oven or burner? Get it repaired. Time and food and space are much too precious these days to be wasted by an imperfect

And, again, let me say a word against those space-occupying clocks, which haven't said "ticktock" in goodness knows when. So great would be the historic value of a clock owned by George Washington that it would make no difference whether it kept time or not today, but few of us have clocks of any such value.

Yet not a few of us give space to clocks that are not even artistic and in the bargain will not keep time. Get that clock repaired today. If the repairs are a little too expensive for the present, at least start to set aside a small weekly sum in an envelope with a view to having it repaired as soon as possible if the timepiece is really worth while, Our homes reflect us to such an

extent. And perhaps you do not know how critical these returned soldiers are of our housekeeping. "Ralph is the largest crank," said a woman not especially noted for her good housekeeping. "Why, since he's gotten out of the army he finds a hundred faults with the

home." But, of course, it's a matter of training. The army trained man is always trained to think about strengthening the weak points before their weakness becomes evident. And it is good training for any of us. But there is this also to be said, and that is that a really good housekeeper not only finds the repairs that are to be done, but she also allots them to the various male members of the family who hanne to be sitting around talking about

To serve up cauliflower whole and unbroken, boil in a cloth, as it was then be lifted out of the saucepan without any detriment to its appearance,

Preparing for Little Tricks in Trade of Household Economies By Washington Women The Rhyming

By ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

Readers of The Times are urged to exchange news and views of household economy in this column. If you have a good recipe, an original method of saving money, or a short cut in housework, send it to the writer of this column, in care of The Times.

VERY WOMAN likes to get ! other women's ideas on saving expenses and stretching a dollar, and, as this is a "give and take" world, it's up to every woman who reads this column to send in an account of her own pet economies-anything and everything that she herself has found helpful. We can't beat this high cost of living unless women are willing

to exchange ideas. If you read something here that helps you or gives you a new idea won't you send in something of your own to help some other woman? One woman in Mt. Pleasant has just sent me a letter which is a veritable mine of ideas. I give

it in full, hoping that in it every reader will find at least one worthwhile suggestion. The letter is full of old-faashioned economies which I had feared were almost forgotten. DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

Through adverse circumstances, our family was suddenly obliged to live on one-third its previous income, and prices always increasing. My father appealed to me to help him do it, and I resolved to use every effort in the attempt, and I have succeeded, for when he died the loss of his salary still further decreased our income.

ther decreased our income.

I never purchase a new article if anything on hand can possibly be utilized. This is the real basis of economy. I also watch all advertised sales, but never buy an inferior quality. Simple upholstering is done by myself with remnants of good tapestries. I get my ideas at the furniture dealers. Out of the slik shirts worn at the collar my own shirtwaists are made by myself. The cotton shirts make all my kitchen aprons, the front and back for the aprons, the front and back for the body, and sleeves for bib and belt. My cutton shirtwaists when worn, are made into corset covers with a rem-nant of lace or embroidery. Night dresses always wear out first at the sleeves and shoulders. Two lower sieeves and shoulders. Two lower parts I join together above the waist-line with insertion and have one dainty Mother's outing fiannel ones when worn the same way are made into lightweight petticosts. Our worn ging-ham dresses are used in the same way for morning house wear. Lines nap-

BOOKS

For Young Readers.

TRUDY AND TIMOTHY OUT-OF-DOORS." By Bertha Currier Porter. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

The further adventures of these irrepressible and thoroughly likeable youngsters are related in this, the second book of the series. 'Although designed for boys and girls between seven and twelve years of. age, father and mother will find equal enjoyment in its reading, and will laugh and cry with them In their various fortunes and mis-

haps. Timothy and Trudy are not just "book characters;" they are entirely human and their prototypes will be found in every city, village and hamlet in the land. Well bound and profusely illustrated, this book will form an ideal Christmas or birthday gift.

kins, tablecioths and all our laundry is mended and darned before going out to our laundress.

When the tablecloths wear out the best part is made into napkins and the remainder into bandages. What long winter coats we have had have been ripped and made into warm wrappers for mother. Our suits, when passe, are ripped and made into winter

Bince millinery prices have advanced so greatly I attended a Social Center class a few times, and now make my own hats with the help I get from study of them in the best millinery de-I never buy anything at the opening of the season, for then you pay dearly for what you do not get. I find this practice most helpful in stretching my

When the sheets show signs of wear they are cut in two and outer edges sewed together and sides hammed. Then later, us the center wears first, it

Then later, as the center wears first, it is cut out and the remaining parts sewed together for our single bed.

I never buy new dish or hitchen towels. The oid hath towels are mended and used in the hitchen, and large flour sacks of good quality, which I purchase for 10 cents apiece make our dish towels after the letters are removed and they are hemmed.

Discarded underwear is used for mop cloths, and old hosiery sewed together for dust cloths. The worn lease curtains are patched with net, the piaces being pasted on with warm starch and pressed. The mull and strim curtains are set upside down as the lower pertions wear first, being exposed to more sunlight. Also the shades are reversed and new heme put on, the work

versed and new hems put on, the work being done by myself. In the culinary department the same my prevails. Periodically I visit the large markets and purchase with splendid results. We always have a variety of fresh fruit and vegetables on the table. During the warm weather we serve meat but four times a week, for dinner, the other days having fresh

eggs.
All of our fruits and vegetables are canned at home. About eight months in the year we enjoy home-made jam and jelly for breakfast. Much of the jell is made from the parings and cores of fruit daily used. Pear, peach and apple parings and cores of bakes apples and pears with a few sour apples cut into it will make delicious

In making raspberry jam we use one-half carrots and one-half berries. Put carrots through food chopper, stew in small quantity of water, measure pulp and berries, and add about half the quantity of sugar. Cook down

We do practically all our own baking, believing it to be the best, health-lest and cheapest. In meats we buy the best cuts. I never buy less than a three-pound chicken, except a broiler. We are a family of four adults, and one chicken serves us with three din-ners. On Sunday we have it restain one chicken serves us with three dinners. On Sunday we have it reasted,
with dressing. Monday a soup from
the carcass and remaining gravy. I
strain the soup and chop this meat
for Wednesday. I add two eggs and
dried bread crumbs, season and make
into croquettes which I fry in hot lard.
Bean and pea soup I make with bases. Bean and pea soup I make with bacon drippings and the rind of bacon, which must be thoroughly washed first. must be thoroughly washed first. Leg of lamb roast and the ribs of beef roast and remaining gravy are always used to make soup stock to which I add various kinds of vegetables.

Economy intelligently practiced in really an interesting study, and if we would give more thought to its practice instead of worry over high our homes would be happier and pleas-

I. R. P., Mount Pleasant.

Pleasant Cookery Little Freddie looked up from his plate of home-made cakes with a knowing smile. "I'll tell you why Mary's cakes are so good," he said. "She's always singing when she's mixing, and the song gets into

Puss in Boots

By David Cory. WHEN the old dock and the gray-haired sailor; the tall burch squire and the fing on the little red school house were out of sight, Puss Junior turned to the little girl and said: "Let's godown in the cabin. I'll show you the cutest little baby you ever easy. It's the 'rock-a-by, baby, upon-thetree-top.' His mother always hung the cradle on a willow tree so that the breeze might rock him to sleep. But now the ocean does the rocking and baby sleeps almost all the

So the little, girl followed Puss down the stairs to the cabin, where they heard a sweet voice singing:

"Over the water, and over the sea, And over the water to Charley. I'll have none of your horrid best, Nor I'll have none of your harley; But I'll have some of your very best flour

To make a white cake for my Charley."

"B-a-hi" said the mother of the baby as Puss and the little girl "Are you going to make a cake with the flour the miller brought on board?" asked Puss in a whis-

"Yes," said the baby's mother. "But who is your friend?" turning o look at the little girl. "She's looking for Bobby Shafto," answered Puss. "What is you name, little girl."

asked the rock-a-by-baby's mother. "Alloe," said the little girl.
"A pretty name." "I'm glad you like it," said the little girl. "And what is your?" "Mins? Oh. You can call me. The Rock-o-by Baby's Mother"." "Let's go out on deck," suggested Puez. "Wen't you come, too!" he asked, turning to the haby's mother. Rolling in the seas were huge black porpoises. Over and over they rolled like great footballs. Flying fish rose out of the water, and overhead the gulle salled back and forth on their great wings. The breeze was blowing

railing. Some of it wet Puss Junor's whiskers. "Did you get wet?" asked Allea. "Not much," said Puss. "Besides, don't care for a little spray, any-"Come over here and sit down on this coil of rope," said the Rock-a-

by-Baby's Mother, and I'll stag you

strong and steady, and now and

then the salt spray came over the

"Rock-a-by, rock-a-by on the deep blue, Sailor Boy, Mother is dreaming Thinking of Sailor Boy out on the foam, Hoping that Sailer Boy seen will be home."

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that Copyright, 1919, David Cory. To Be Continued.

Optimist By Aline Michaelia.

WYHEN I was just a little boy in sunny days gone by, I used to find my greatest joy in climbing near the sky. I loved the tallest tree the best, nor was I satisfied till I had reached its lofty crest, its alimmest branches tried. Now, looking back upon that time, I see I always found the hardest part of every climb was nearest to the ground. When that first branch I safely won, then I could reach them all; but ah! the climb to that first one has cost me many a fall! There was no footbold and no aid to scale the thick, smooth trunk. The boy who viawed it undismayed had his full share of spunk. The upward climb from bough to bough was easy, save the first. In every tree I picture now that branch was always worst. Once up, to gain the limbs on high that bent with every breeze was nothing for a boy to try with practised togs and knees. For battered thumb and furrowed cheek and shine in bad repair of that first branch would dumbly speak, these signs of wear and tear. And not alone of trees you knew in boyhood's sunny prime; but this same rule will still hold true whatever trees you climb. For each success for which you strive is easy as can be if once you manage to arrive within the longed-for tree. The first bough takes your wind and wit, but landed there, you'll see that any fellow with your grit can soon shin up that tree. So, stiff as any climb may be as up the tree you start, take heart and think with gladsome glee the trunk's the hardest part.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

To make a copper kettle look new rub it with salt and vinegar.

If new potatoes are put in water with a little common soda two hours before they are wanted they will then scrape quite easily.

Musty jars should be ringed with limewater. This is especially beneficial for all vessels used for milk

Lamb chops are improved if dipped in lemon juice just before cooking.

To keep cheese from moulding or from drying, wrap it in a cloth damped with vinegar and keep it lu a covered dish.

Blankets which are not in use should have small pieces of thoroughly dried yellow soap scattered in the folds when they are put away. This will keep moths out.

Match boxes easily get misiaid. ut If a piece of tape or ribbon is tied around the box it can then be ung near the gas-bracket, and a match is then close at hand.

When making coffee, sprinkle a little salt on the coffee before pouring on bolling water, and the flavor will be wonderfully improved. Always see that the pet is warmed before making coffee.